

was no one in San Antonio that we knew, but we made so many new friends it was well worth it. Our thanks to you for all the work that went into making it a success.

Kaye and C A Harford 825 Sq

**HOW AN A-2 JACKET
ALMOST CAUSED A COURT
MARTIAL**

Dear Folks

Eleanore and I are sorry that we missed the soiree down in San Antonio. I was operated for hydrocephalus fluid on the brain last October 10. The operation was a total success and I feel better than I have in 20 years.

Read with great interest the short article on Capt. Trotter in issue No #12 of the Torretta Flyer. He was the operations officer of the 826th squadron and I had a chance to know him better than most enlisted men.

The enlisted men on "Salvo Sally" had their A-2 Jackets painted by a French artist in Tunis, North Africa while we were waiting at D'Jeida, Tunisia for the airfield at Torretta to be cleared and drained by the Corps of Engineers.

In August 1944 I had finished my tour and wanted to add 50 small painted bombs to the painting of "Salvo Sally" on the jacket. Sally was the name of a newly born daughter of our pilot, Floyd Creasman. Our Sally was a "Petty Girl" adapted in style from Esquire Magazine. I went in to town and found an Italian lady who agreed to do the painting. I returned the following week after getting a ride to town with the cook who was taking the potable water trailer to town for a refill. He agreed to come by and pick me up when the tank was full.

The work was all wrong the bombs were scattered helter- skelter. She agreed to do the re-painting, but needed a solvent to remove some of the previous work. Because it was evening I wasn't in class A uniform, no hat, no tie. I took a straw covered Chianti bottle and headed for the MP post a few blocks down the street, and asked for a pint of gasoline after telling him the story about the bombs on the A-2 Jacket. He looks at me from one eye then the other and asks me to repeat the story, and even asks another MP to hear the tale. I got the gasoline and headed back to the woman. By this time my ride had left and I had to walk all the way back to the airfield.

Three days pass and I am in the clear, but later that day Captain Trotter calls me into the office and in a calm voice says, " I just heard a story about you from the MP's, tell me it's not true." I could only squeak out, " I am sorry Captain but it is." The expression on his face changed rather quickly and I found myself at the working end of a shovel digging a 3 by 6 by 2 fox hole in the hard chalice beside his hut.

I still have the A-2 Jacket and my stripes. The jacket still fits.

Joe Hebert, 826 Sq.

**HE WAS ONE DAMN FINE
AIRPLANE DRIVER**

Bud Markel
Editor Torretta Flyer
Dear Bud:

I am forced to make some comments about Fred Roessler's article " Give it a good kick. I must limit my remarks to my association and knowledge of Major Don Halde- man, since I have no first hand information about the rest of the arti-

cle. His first name was Don not John.

He came to the 827th from a provisional group of training pilots in B-26's not B-25's. He was a fearless and damn good airplane driver.

**He wanted to know why I was
only a 1st Lt. "Get promotion
papers typed up, I'll be back soon
and sign them" .**

The first time he appeared at the operations shack, he asked me what my job was. At the time I was on the books as Operations Officer, Jim Lyle had not reported as yet. He wanted to know why I was only a 1st Lt." Get promotion papers typed up, I'll be back soon and sign them". He left to find a place to live. My first ride was interesting. I was under the hood at about 8,000 ft, and he feathered all four. " You never can tell you may lose all four and should know how the machine reacts".

**I was under the hood at about
8,000 ft, and he feathered all
four".**

We went to Blyth, California, to find good weather for training and a B-26 was on the ramp. He was continually jabbing me about my B-25 time and how much better the B-26 was. He stole the B-26 and we took a ride. Remember the saying, "One a day in Tampa Bay"? His purpose was to prove to me that the B-26 was a good plane, you just had to stay in front of it. On take off he brought the gear up and feathered the left engine and proceeded to make a steep turn to the left. We went around, landed on one taxied back, and took off on one. We climbed to 12,000 ft where upon he half -rolled and split s'd. I was convinced that the B-26 was a fine aircraft., it just had a bad reputation. Its combat record proved that it was a rugged machine, its loss record was one of the lowest in the European theater.